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POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

MOONRISE

And who has seen the moon, who has not seen
Her rise from out the chamber of the deep
Flushed and grand and naked, as from the chamber
Of finished bridegroom, seen her rise and throw
Confession of delight upon the wave,
Littering the waves with her own superscription
Of bliss, till all her lambent beauty shakes towards us
Spread out and known at last: and we are sure
That beauty is a thing beyond the grave,
That perfect, bright experience never falls
To nothingness, and time will dim the moon
Sooner than our full consummation here
In this odd life will tarnish or pass away.

PEOPLE

The great gold apples of night
Hang from the street's long bough,
 Dripping their light
On the faces that drift below,
On the faces that drift and go
Down the night-time, out of sight
 In the wind's sad sough.

The ripeness of these apples of night
Distilling over me
 Makes sickening the white

D. H. Lawrence

Ghost-flux of faces that hie
Them endlessly, endlessly by,
Without meaning or reason why
They ever should be.

D. H. Lawrence

SACRAMENT

My body, dear, like bread I break
For Love's sweet sake;
My soul like wine I give
Each day, that you may take,
And taking, love and live.

But when the altar empty lies
Before my eyes,
The veil in twain is rent—
For me alone the sacrifice
Has been a sacrament.

Pauline D. Partridge